

477105



OBJECTIVES

- To emphasize the timeliness of Ibsen's message by presenting his play in a modern setting.
- To show how Nora discovers that she has been living in a fantasy world, which Ibsen calls her "doll's house".
- To watch Ibsen destroy bit-by-bit Nora's illusions about herself and her situation.

SUMMARY OF FILM CONTENT

This film introduces a normal family living in a typical American suburb (in place of Ibsen's Norway) to emphasize that what Ibsen had to say in his play *A Doll's House* is as pertinent today as it was in his own time. The play opens on Nora Helmer, a housewife, as she goes about making preparations for Christmas, chatting with her husband, and playing with their three children. How happy she looks in this first scene!

However, the play ends abruptly with a door slam. Nora walks out, leaving her home, her husband, her children. What causes this violent change in Nora—this rejection of her placid suburban life?

Slowly, just as life for the Helmers is getting easier, Nora is forced to make a startling discovery. Bit-by-bit, Nora realizes her values are meaningless to her husband, who, until her forgery is detected, has always stuck to the letter of the law. Then Tor, instead of assuming the blame for it himself as she anticipates, is concerned only about his good name and keeping up appearances.

This disillusionment prompts Nora to take a hard look at herself for the first time in her life. After her discussion with Tor, she decides she must find out who she is, and what is right for her, regardless of the cost.

A DOLL'S HOUSE

Part I

The Destruction of Illusion

A 16mm Sound Film, 33-Minutes

A film from the *Modern Drama Series*
of the EBE HUMANITIES PROGRAM for

JUNIOR-SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL
COLLEGE AND ADULT GROUPS

Presented by
NORRIS HOUGHTON
Vassar College



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VOCABULARY FROM THE FILM NARRATION

spectre	extenuating	erstwhile
idyllic	provocative	illusions
peevish	histrionics	hypocrite
billowing	reverberated	collusion

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Describe Nora's feelings as she tells Kristine about her precious secret. How does she show her confidence in Tor's love?
2. What part does Nil Krogstad play in *A Doll's House*? How does Tor's speech about Krogstad's dishonesty affect Nora? What action does she take?
3. Why is Dr. Rank anxious to do a favor for Nora? Why, after she had planned on his help, does she then refuse to let him help her?
4. What do you suppose Nora thinks of Tor's reaction that "the whole thing (Nora's forgery) must be hushed up at any cost"? Contrast this attitude to Tor's former remarks about Krogstad's business.
5. When does Tor discover that Nora borrowed the money because she loved him?
6. Why can Nora no longer care what people will say if she leaves home after her illusions have been shattered?
7. Evaluate Torvald's statement, "Nora, darling, the law takes no account of motives."
8. Try putting yourself in Nora's place. Suggest possible alternatives to the ending Ibsen chose.
9. What makes Ibsen's play as applicable today as it was a hundred years ago? Which school of thought did Ibsen follow?
10. In what ways is Tor a good, responsible husband?
11. How had attitudes changed towards women in the interim of time from Shakespeare to Ibsen?
12. How have opportunities for women changed in the last hundred years?

RELATED EBE FILMS

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HAMLET: The Readiness Is All
MACBETH: The Politics of Power
MACBETH: The Themes of Macbeth
MACBETH: The Secret'st Man
OUR TOWN AND OUR UNIVERSE
OUR TOWN AND OURSELVES

FILM CONTINUITY

*Leader—5'**

EB Logo—7'

Title and Credits—23'

1. Norris Houghton in study—30'

HOUGHTON: Let me show you, first of all, a charming glimpse of a happy family—indeed what would seem to be an ideal family. It is that of Henrik Ibsen's play, *A Doll's House*.

2. Five members of Helmer family assemble before fireplace—54'

First, we have the father, Tovald Helmer, stern, upright, dignified. Next, his wife, Nora—demure, pretty, utterly charming. Then Hans, the eight-year-old boy, followed by his older sister, Ingrid. And last of all, Emmy—a cute little six-year-old. A typical, solid, Norwegian family of the 1880's.

3. Norris Houghton in study—69'

They look pretty dull, don't they? Respectable, rather stodgy, and uninteresting. Can a play about such people possibly have meaning for us today? I think it can. In fact, what Ibsen had to say about this family is as compelling today as it was when he wrote it almost a hundred years ago. And that is one of the reasons we're going to costume *A Doll's House* in modern dress.

4. Members of family leave room—75'

HOUGHTON: Let us have the solid Norwegians of a by-gone era leave the stage then to be replaced by their counterparts in a modern American house in a modern American suburb.

5. Sequence: boy carrying tree and Nora, loaded with packages, enter room. She pays him and he leaves as she unpacks parcels—119'

BOY: Where do you want the tree, Mrs. Helmer?

NORA: Oh, put it in that room, Chris. The children mustn't see it until it's decorated.

BOY: O.K. Mrs. Helmer.

NORA: Oh, how much was the tree, Chris? I've forgotten.

BOY: Nine dollars, Mrs. Helmer.

*To order replacement footage for damaged portions of film, refer to the scene numbers and 16mm footage in this continuity. Example of footage order: *A DOLL'S HOUSE Part I—The Destruction of Illusion*, scenes 3 through 5; after the 54' point (end of scene 2), print the next 65 feet.

NORA: Here's ten. No, keep the change.
BOY: Oh, thank you, Mrs. Helmer—and Merry Christmas!
NORA: Thank you, Chris. Same to you.

6. *Sequence: Tor enters room and he and Nora embrace. He leaves when she answers door—165'*

NORA: Yes, he's back.
TORVALD: Is that my little chickadee singing out there?
NORA: Yes.
TORVALD: Is that my little kitten frisking about?
NORA: Yes, it is!
TORVALD: And when did my little kitten get home?
NORA: Just this minute. Tor!
TORVALD: Yes?
NORA: Come and see what I've bought.
TORVALD: Oh, I'm busy now, darling—don't disturb me. "Bought," did you say? All of those things? Has my little spendthrift been squandering my hard-earned money again?
NORA: Yes, I have! This is the first Christmas we haven't had to worry. Oh, look, Tor. Here's a sailor suit for Hans—and a telescope. And I have a complete oil paint set for Ingrid and here's a beautiful doll for Emmy. The doll-bed is being delivered later.
TORVALD: And what's in this little package?
NORA: Oh, no, no, no, Tor! You can't do that. Come on.
TORVALD: Oh, Nora, Nora, Nora. You don't know how I'm looking forward to this Christmas Eve.
NORA: So am I. The children will have such a good time.
TORVALD: Oh, Nora, isn't it wonderful just to think that at last—at long last—I've got such a fine job—with such a big, fat salary. Isn't it wonderful? Isn't it wonderful just to think about?
NORA: Oh, darling, it's marvelous. It's absolutely marvelous!
TORVALD: Remember last Christmas? Just three weeks before...
NORA: Oh, that must be the children.
TORVALD: I'd...I'd better get back to work—I have some things to finish. But with the children here the place will only be fit for a mother!

7. *Nora lets children in and plays with them—226'*

NORA (AND CHILDREN'S VOICES): Oh, my darlings! My cute little darlings. You were playing in the snow? Oh, I'm sure it was. You threw snowballs? I'm sure you didn't. Oh, I wish I had been. Ann, you look frozen—there's coffee in the kitchen. You mustn't peek! Those are for Christmas. Oh, no, wouldn't you like to know! But you have to wait or it isn't any fun. Oh, let's play something. What shall we play? Tag? Let's play tag. Let's see. Who'll be it? Hans, you be it. All right, I'll be it and I'm going to catch you. No, I'm going to catch Ingrid—you're it!

Ingrid's it. Hans, watch out! She's going to catch you. He's getting away from you. Did she catch you? Oh, I'm exhausted.

8. *Norris Houghton in study—245'*

HOUGHTON: Three darling children...a charming, affectionate wife and mother...a handsome father and husband with a marvelous new job: in short, the happy family life of the idealist's dream. What more could you ask for on a Christmas Eve? But let's skip ahead for a moment. How does the play end? With the sound of the front door, slammed in no uncertain terms. Someone has walked out. Let's go back and see who it was.

9. *Sequence: Nora and Tor in living room; she leaves—293'*

TORVALD: Nora, you'll never think of me?
NORA: Of course, I'll think of you—often; of you, and the children, and this house.
TORVALD: May I write to you?
NORA: No. You mustn't. Please!
TORVALD: But you'll let me send you...
NORA: No. Nothing!
TORVALD: But you'll let me help you, Nora.
NORA: No. I can't accept anything from a stranger.
TORVALD: Must I always be a stranger to you?
NORA: I'm afraid so. Unless something were to happen—the most wonderful thing of all.
TORVALD: What do you mean?
NORA: Unless we were both to change so that—oh, Tor. I no longer believe in miracles.
TORVALD: Tell me! Let me believe! Unless we were both to change so that...
NORA: So that our life together might really be a marriage. Good-bye, Tor.
TORVALD: Nora!

10. *Norris Houghton in study—315'*

HOUGHTON: And there you have it: the charming, affectionate wife and mother walks out, and slams the door. That scene was first played on the stage of the Royal Theatre, Copenhagen, on December 21, 1879, and it made theatrical history. "That slammed door," as one critic put it, "reverberated across the rooftops of the world." Why? What was so extraordinary about it? As a partial answer to that question, let us consider another stage-wife—one who lived some 300 years earlier than Nora, in Shakespeare's...

11. *Sequence: woman led into room by man; after addressing other women, they embrace—354'*

...*The Taming of the Shrew*:

PETRUCHIO: And now, my wife, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women what duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

KATHERINE: Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper, thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares

for thee and for thy maintenance commits his body to painful labour both by sea and land, to watch the night in storms, the day in cold, whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe; and craves no greater tribute at thy hands but love, fair looks, and true obedience; too little payment for so great a debt. I am ashamed that women are so simple to offer war where they should kneel for peace.

PETRUCHIO: Why, there's a wench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate!

12. Norris Houghton in study—361'

HOUGHTON: Thus Katherine, the erstwhile "Shrew" of Shakespeare's play, speaking of a wife's duties. Now let us hear Ibsen's Nora on the same subject:

13. Nora and Tor in living room by window—377'

TORVALD: But, Nora, this is insane! Don't you realize you're betraying your most sacred duty!

NORA: And what do you consider to be "my most sacred duty?"

TORVALD: Do I have to tell you that? Your duty to me. And to the children.

NORA: I have another duty just as "sacred", as you put it.

TORVALD: And what can that be?

NORA: My duty to myself.

14. Norris Houghton in study—401'

HOUGHTON: "My duty to myself." We cannot imagine Shakespeare's Katherine saying that, at least after she'd been tamed by Petruchio, her husband. Nor, for that matter, can we imagine the Nora of the First Act of *A Doll's House* saying it. But say it she does in the Third Act, and much more besides. What happens, then, between that idyllic Christmas Eve of the First Act and the door slam of the last to change Nora so drastically? To begin with, as we have learned, her life seemed perfect, a truly suburban dream. But even more than this, Nora has a wonderful secret, something she is deeply proud of. She has never told anyone this secret...

15. Sequence: Nora arranges flowers and then sits with another woman—503'

...until an old schoolfriend turns up out of the past.

NORA: So, you think I've had an easy life of it, Kristine?

KRISTINE: Darling, you've just been telling me all your little troubles.

NORA: Those—those were nothing. I haven't told you the really important thing.

KRISTINE: Really important? What do you mean?

NORA: So much has happened to you, Kristine, since we left school. So many things that you can be proud of. But I have something to be proud of, too.

KRISTINE: I don't doubt it, Nora, but whatever do you mean?

NORA: I saved Tor's life.

KRISTINE: You saved his life? How?

NORA: I told you about that trip to Mexico when Tor was so desperately ill. If we hadn't spent that year in Mexico, he never would have recovered.

KRISTINE: Well? Your father gave you the money...

NORA: That's what Tor thinks, like everyone else.

KRISTINE: So? Go on.

NORA: Daddy never gave us a penny. I borrowed the money.

KRISTINE: You?

NORA: Ten thousand dollars.

KRISTINE: You borrowed ten thousand dollars?

NORA: There wasn't any other way. Tor wasn't supposed to know how terribly ill he was. The doctors told me his life was in danger and that the only way to save him was for him to have a complete rest, preferably somewhere in the South. So, at first I began dropping hints about how nice it would be if we could spend some time abroad, like some other young couples we know. I tried every cute little trick I could think of. And when that didn't work, I wept, I pleaded—I even insisted that he borrow the money so I could have my way. Of course, he wouldn't—what a ridiculous idea, he said. So, I thought, Tor, my darling, somehow you've got to be saved—and I am going to do it. So I did it.

KRISTINE: And you've never told him?

NORA: No.

KRISTINE: You're not going to, ever?

NORA: Well, some day, perhaps.

KRISTINE: What do you mean?

NORA: Someday—years from now—when I'm no longer attractive.

KRISTINE: Nora!

NORA: No, don't laugh! I mean when Tor is not quite so much in love with me as he is now, when he's lost interest in me. It might be a good thing to have something in reserve. Of course, that's nonsense! That day will never come.

16. Norris Houghton in study—515'

HOUGHTON: That day will never come, but not for the reason Nora thinks. For now Ibsen—a master craftsman of the theatre—begins slowly, pitilessly, to shatter Nora's illusions: her illusions about her happy home, her beautiful children, her handsome husband—and, most of all, her illusions about herself.

17. Sequence: Nora enters living room with decorations and Krogstad appears at door and enters—649'

NORA: Mr. Krogstad?

KROGSTAD: I'm sorry. The door was open.

NORA: My husband isn't home.

KROGSTAD: I know. I came to see you, Mrs. Helmer.

NORA: Today? But it's not the first of the month yet.

KROGSTAD: No, it's Christmas Eve. And it depends entirely on you what sort of Christmas you will have.

NORA: What do you mean? I can't possibly pay you the...

KROGSTAD: Let's not talk about that for the moment. May I sit down?

NORA: Yes, of course—forgive me.

KROGSTAD: Not at all. You have a moment to spare?

NORA: Yes, I suppose so.

KROGSTAD: It won't take but a moment. Mrs. Helmer, will you use your influence to help me?

NORA: What do you mean?

KROGSTAD: I want to keep my job at the Bank.

NORA: Who wants to take it away from you?

KROGSTAD: Oh, come now, Mrs. Helmer, don't try to pretend that you don't know your husband's going to fire me.

NORA: Mr. Krogstad, I assure you...

KROGSTAD: All right, all right. Now you know, if you didn't before. The first thing he means to do as President of the Bank is to get rid of me. And I advise you to use your influence to stop him.

NORA: But, I have no influence!

KROGSTAD: Haven't you?

NORA: Mr. Krogstad, I don't know why you should think that I have that sort of influence over Tor—over my husband?

KROGSTAD: Now look, Mrs. Helmer, I've known—Tor since we were in college. We were in the same fraternity, you know. I don't think he's any different from any other husband.

NORA: Why don't you leave now, Mr. Krogstad?

KROGSTAD: Are you throwing me out?

NORA: Yes. I'm not afraid of you any longer.

KROGSTAD: Now listen to me, Mrs. Helmer. If necessary, I am ready to fight for my job at the Bank as if I were fighting for my life.

NORA: So it seems.

KROGSTAD: And it's not just the question of the money. That's the last thing I'm worried about at this point. It's something else. You probably know some years ago I got mixed up in a bit of trouble.

NORA: Yes, I've heard something about it.

KROGSTAD: Yes, so has everyone else, it seems. It never got into Court; it never went that far. But afterwards, it was as though all doors were closed to me. And then, I got this job at the Bank—it's not much, as you know, but it was the first step up the ladder for me. And now Tor wants to kick me off the ladder again, back into the mud.

NORA: Mr. Krogstad, believe me—I'm sorry, but I can't help you.

KROGSTAD: Oh? You can't, because you don't want to. But let's put it this way: I can make you help me.

NORA: You wouldn't tell Tor that I borrowed the money from you?

KROGSTAD: Suppose I did tell him?

NORA: Well, it would be...it would be terrible of you! That was my secret—that was something I did for him, why should he have to find out about it in this ugly way? It would make things awfully unpleasant for me.

KROGSTAD: Merely unpleasant, Mrs. Helmer?

18. Norris Houghton in study—663'

HOUGHTON: Krogstad's question—"Merely unpleasant?" is a good one, for there is another layer to be stripped away here, something else about Nora's closely-guarded secret, another of her illusions soon to be destroyed. Ibsen, unlike Chekhov, was a master of plot. Nora, it turns out, has been guilty of the same thing that has ruined Krogstad's life.

19. Tor and Nora sit on couch with drinks Tor has mixed—787'

TORVALD: Krogstad was a forger. You know what that means?

NORA: Forgery? Of course. But weren't there—extenuating circumstances?

TORVALD: Perhaps. Or maybe...maybe he just didn't think. Cheers, darling and Merry Christmas.

NORA: Merry Christmas.

TORVALD: Well, whatever the reasons, he did it. Not that a single mistake like that could condemn a man forever.

NORA: Oh, no, Tor. Of course not.

TORVALD: How's your drink, darling?

NORA: Fine.

TORVALD: Good. Lots of men make mistakes at some time or other—that's not the point.

NORA: What is the point?

TORVALD: Krogstad is corrupt, through and through. You don't think that he confessed his guilt and took his punishment, do you?

NORA: Punishment...?

TORVALD: Well, yes, of course. Rather than that, he...he got out of the mess by a clever trick. And he's been crooked ever since.

NORA: Crooked...?

TORVALD: Well, yes, in a way. Just think how a man with a thing like that on his conscience always has to lie and pretend. He can never drop the mask, not even before his wife and his children. Especially the children—that's the worst part of it, Nora.

NORA: Why?

TORVALD: Why? Oh, darling Nora. A thing like that in a family—it's like an infectious disease.

NORA: Do you believe that, Tor?

TORVALD: Yes, of course, don't you? Well, look, darling. I'm a lawyer and I know what I'm talking about. Practically all criminals—all juvenile delinquents—they come from homes where the mother especially is a shady character in some way or other.

NORA: Why the mother especially?

TORVALD: Well, it's usually that way, although fathers can have the same bad influence. Every lawyer knows that. And yet there's Nils Krogstad—all these years—poisoning his own children with lies and pretense. No, darling, no, I just can't have that fellow in my Bank. People like that—they...they disgust me—they literally make me sick. Do you understand?

NORA: Yes. But Tor—what if...what if Krogstad did what he did—well, to save the life of one of his children, for example.

TORVALD: Oh, Nora...Nora. The law takes no account of motives.

NORA: I see.

20. *Norris Houghton in study—802'*

HOUGHTON: And so Nora sees herself clearly now—or thinks she sees herself clearly—for the first time. Is she nothing but an ignorant and silly woman? A dangerous mother even? Her doll's house dream is crumbling. But perhaps she can still pick up the pieces. If she can somehow get hold of enough money—not just to pay her debt to Krogstad, but enough to buy him off—perhaps then she can save her marriage.

21. *Sequence: Dr. Rank in chair with pipe and Nora on floor by Christmas tree—919'*

HOUGHTON: The most likely person to ask for help is her husband's best friend.

DR. RANK: So many presents. Who are they all for?

NORA: Oh, the children mostly. But look. My present to myself.

DR. RANK: Very fancy.

NORA: Black. Aren't they lovely! Made in Italy. It's dark in here now. No, Eric, you can't have them. Oh, well, why not. Why are you smiling?

DR. RANK: No, it was you who laughed.

NORA: No, Eric, it was you who smiled.

DR. RANK: And what other pretty things am I allowed to see?

NORA: Not one other thing. You're too naughty. Shame on you.

DR. RANK: Nora, sitting here like this with you, I ...I simply can't imagine what ever would have become of me if I hadn't known you—and Tor.

NORA: Yes, you like coming here—and we love having you. Eric...

DR. RANK: Yes?

NORA: Suppose I were to ask you...? No.

DR. RANK: What?

NORA: Well, to do a tremendous favor for me.

DR. RANK: Ask me, Nora. Anything.

NORA: But you've no idea what it is.

DR. RANK: Then why don't you tell me.

NORA: No, I can't. It's too much to ask.

DR. RANK: You do trust me, don't you?

NORA: Yes, yes, I trust you more than anyone I know. So I will tell you. There's something that you

must help me with, Eric. You know how deeply—how much Tor loves me.

DR. RANK: Do you think he's the only one?

NORA: What do you mean?

DR. RANK: The only one who loves you. Nora, I promised myself that someday you'd know. There'll never be a better time to tell you. And now you know—and you know also that you can trust me as no one else in the world.

NORA: Let me go.

DR. RANK: Nora.

NORA: Eric, that...that was unforgivable of you.

DR. RANK: Unforgivable? I love you. Is that unforgivable?

NORA: No, of course not.

DR. RANK: Well, at any rate, you know now I'll do anything for you.

NORA: After this?

DR. RANK: Nora, tell me what it is you want me to do.

NORA: No. I can't...I can't tell you anything now.

22. *Norris Houghton in study—944'*

HOUGHTON: Why? Why can't Nora tell him her secret now? The answer involves the destruction of another of her illusions. For years Nora had been able to get virtually anything she wanted from her husband—and now, when she wanted something from her husband's best friend, she unconsciously fell into an old pattern: she became a seductive, charming, cute little girl. And the result? An unwanted—although certainly not an unprovoked—declaration of love. And so, all of her cherished illusions about herself, her family, are shattered. All, that is, except one. There is one certainty she can still cling to: the certainty of her husband's love. Her husband, Nora is certain, will take the blame for the forgery on himself. But this she must prevent. She will kill herself rather than let him do this great thing for her sake. And so, the secret is revealed—and this is what happens:

23. *Sequence: Nora enters room and Tor enters with a letter. Another letter comes at the door which Tor burns after reading—1171'*

TORVALD: Nora! Nora!

NORA: Oh, Tor!

TORVALD: What's the meaning of this? Do you know what's in this letter?

NORA: Yes, yes, I do know. Let me go.

TORVALD: You mean it's true! It's true what he writes! But it can't be...it's impossible!

NORA: Yes, yes, it is true, Tor. I've loved you more than all the world.

TORVALD: Oh, come on now! Loved me! What ridiculous nonsense!

NORA: But, Tor!

TORVALD: Do you realize what you've done?

NORA: I won't have you suffer for this. I won't have you take the blame!

TORVALD: Stop this play-acting! You'll sit here and give an account of yourself. Do you understand what you've done? Answer me! Do you understand it?

NORA: I think I'm beginning to understand for the first time.

TORVALD: Oh, God! What an awakening! After eight years to discover that you—my wife, the mother of my children—are no better than a liar—a hypocrite—worse than that—a criminal! It's too incredible to even think of. You ruined my whole future at the Bank. I'm completely in the power of this man. He can force me about—order me to do exactly as he pleases, and I won't even dare open my mouth! My entire career is to be wrecked and all because of a...of a lawless, silly woman!

NORA: If I were no longer alive, you'd be free.

TORVALD: No longer...oh yes! Yes, you're full of histrionics now! Even if you "weren't alive," as you put it, what good would that do me? Well, none whatever! I might even be suspected of collusion. People would say I was behind it all—that I made you do it. And to think that I've done nothing but give you everything you've wanted since the day of our marriage. Now do you understand what you've done to me?

NORA: Yes.

TORVALD: It's too incredible to even think of. First, we must find some way to silence this man. This whole thing must be hushed up at any cost. As far as we're concerned, there's to be no change in our way of life—in the eyes of the town, I mean. You'll go on living here as before, but you...you won't be allowed to bring up the children. I'll never trust them to you again! Oh, God—to have to say this to the woman I loved so much—so much! There can be

nothing between us anymore—nothing! We must save what we can from the ruins—we can save appearances at least. Who can that be? At this hour! You don't suppose that he...? Nora, go into the other room. Yes?

POSTMAN: Registered letter for Mrs. Helmer.

TORVALD: All right. I'll take it.

POSTMAN: Happy New Year.

TORVALD: Yes. Good night. It's from Krogstad—for you. I'll open it myself. Nora! No, I can't believe it—but it's true—it's true! Nora, I am saved! I'm saved!

NORA: What about me?

TORVALD: Oh, yes, yes, you too, of course. Both of us—we're both of us saved. Look! He sent you back your I.O.U. He says he's...he's sorry for what he has done and he apologizes. He's had a stroke of good luck and...oh, what does it matter what he says! We are saved, Nora—we're saved! Nobody can touch us now. Oh, Nora, Nora! No, no, I won't even look at it. I'll pretend it was all a nightmare. There! It's all over. Oh, Nora, Nora, my poor darling little Nora. Oh, don't look like that—you mustn't worry now, Nora. I understand and...and I forgive you. I swear I do, Nora. I've forgiven you everything. You did what you did because you loved me—I see that now.

NORA: Yes, that's true.

TORVALD: You...you loved me as a wife should love her husband. You didn't realize what you were doing—you didn't know how wrong it was. But everything is all right now, darling. Just lean on me. Let me help you. I'm not a man for nothing! And try to forget those awful things I said to you just now. I...I was frantic; my whole world seemed to be tumbling around my ears. Believe me, Nora, I have forgiven you.

NORA: Thank you for your forgiveness, Tor.

End Titles—1179'

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